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It certainly was not religious, nor its progression, or inspiration, nor even sense of habit, that brought Ada Nilmaison to church, but the mixed motives of worldliness, camel and refined nervousity. Sundays to the country were dull, it looked well to go to church, where, besides, there was sure to be nothing said or done that would offend her. She was not the first to phone her mother. By the holy words of Ari, the dumb eloquence of the stained paintings and statuary, the heavenly music and the imposing ceremonies, others might feel their souls roused and raised to words of delicious rapture. The antique style of beauty in the chapel, the elaborate carvings, the fine old pictures and statues, the highly ornate altar, the constant hum of the priests and ecclesiastics, and the deep-toned, mellowed light thrown by the stained glass windows, pleased her eyes; while the fine music in all its variations, the singing of the choir, the pealing of the organ, and the chanting and intoning of the priests and ecclesiastics delighted her ear; and the rich aroma of the incense penetrated her brain with an influence that calmed her senses in a sweet delirium. She was not the greatest charm for her. Very loved music passionately. Ada Nilmaison loved it madly. Yet to her it was altogether sensual gratification. She had an exquisite sense of hearing, but woke no high, holy or loving aspiration in her soul, it had no redeeming influence upon her. She might have had the same sense of the priests and ecclesiastics, if necessary, procure the gratification of this singer, by any low, unjust or cruel means. If any one doubts the truth of this assertion that the appetite—for passion or taste it does not matter—in this instance to be called—for music may exist together with intense selfishness and sensuality, let me call to mind some of the famous artists who delicately claim charm for themselves, and whose faces were stamped certificates of the fact I have named. However, with all her selfishness, worldliness and refined sensuality, Ada Nilmaison was very crafty and secretive; passions and emotions she had not, and the character of her inner life never revealed itself upon her. She was not the least religious. She stood in the church, not worshipping, but wrapping up in this sensuous ecstacy until one voice awoke her from it.

Such a voice!

They were singing the Gloria-In-Excelsis, with the accompaniment of the organ and of the whole chorus. This was a girl's voice, an angel's voice rather than a woman's. It was the sweetest, the purest, the most delicate, the most charming, the most ethereal, out of the storm of music by the whole chorus, it arose and soared, sweet, clear, pure, classic, joyous as some angel in the free ether winging her rapturous way to Heaven!

"Gloria-In-Excelsis!" the voice seemed to hover and float in the sunny mid-air awhile, then in a sudden, yesternight it rose upwards in an exultant, triumphant, glorious way. It was the sweetest, the most delicate, the most charming, the most ethereal, inspiring power. Ada Nilmaison was exultant. Never had she, an amateur in music, heard a voice so charming. She became as it were "all ear," and in the variations of the music, listened with a sense almost for that delicious strain. With the services were over, and the choir dispersed, she could not but feel that she should rest that heavenly chorister no more.

"Who was that sang solo in the Gloria?" one inquired of Rose Garland, as they were coming out of the church.

"That was Genevieve Laglorious, or Vivia, so we call her."

"Oh!" that was all the fair lady said at the time. But when she was seated in the carriage and Rose remained to see her, she had longed to say, "Do they have Vespers in the Chapel?"

"Always."

"And does that young lady sing?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then I shall go to Vespers this afternoon. Miss Phrazer to drive that, doctor, or we shall not have time to dine and rest, and get her again for Vespers." That afternoon the lady was even more delighted when she had her carriage and Rose remained to see her, she had longed to say, "Do they have Vespers in the Chapel?"

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The hand that was disengaged was stretched forward, quickly, shortly, hesitantly, and then the Abbess, leaving her position, came and treated herself in her chair. Viria then herself drew a handkerchief and hid her hand in her lap, calling out to her mother, this handkerchief.

"I will live my life, I will prove it, I will never leave you, mother."

"My bright angel! the world has many attractions for one like you," said the Abbess, in trembling voice.

"None strong enough to entice me from my beloved mother."

"Ah! my own! I would not accept your proposal until you would have shown me the life to be lived and I would love to have my darling near me while I live, so she would be happy here."

"I am very happy, dearest mother, and I will never, never leave you until your own voice bids me depart."

The pale nun gathered the young girl to her bosom, and strained her heart, and her eyes, and her lips, and her darling, her angel, the call of her life, and many fond impassioned kisses.

"A lady to see the Mother Superior," said the voice of the portress at the door.

"Show her in. Go, my darling, my blessed darling, until I get rid of this visitor," said the Abbess, embracing and dismissing Viria, while the portress went to enter in the guest.

"Ada Malmoine!" exclaimed the Abbess, turning pale than before.

"Yes, Mother Agatha! Ada Malmoine, and not the Demon, as your apalled look would seem to say," replied the fair visitor, in the sweet clear monotone that distinguished her.

"Excuse me, madame! pray sit down," apologized the Abbess, recovering herself and offering her seat.

"I thank you, I must avail myself of your civility so far," answered the visitor, taking seat, "but farther I do not know that it is necessary you should flatter each other. Your first reception of me was probably the most sincere."

"Probably," said the Abbess.

There was a greater contrast between the two than being that there was between these two women. The Abbess with her dark face that the deep lines of thought, suffering and passion had before its time, and her large, dark, soul-thrilling eyes and deep toned voice. The visitor the fairest of all fair women, and the calmest of all calm creatures, with her snow-white face as smooth as the surface of a lake, and her eyes, her smile, and her cheer, pure, silver tones.

They were as opposite in costume as in everything else—the dark, troubled nun, clothed in the black veil and habit of the Convent; the fair, calm visitor, in a light and elegant carriage dress.

"You are willing to know my business here with the Abbess? It is most odd, I came to remove her."

The Abbess started up with a half-suppressed cry that deepened to a groan as she sunk back into her chair.

"You promised that she should stay until my will," muttered the unhappy woman.

"But, forger! say she now! You spring the screw upon my heart as you please!"

"What mean you, lady, by these words? That which I ask of you is very simple. Miss Lagrange is my niece, and as such she should enter her world," said Ada, quietly.

"Is she my child?" moaned the Abbess, in that deep, rich, vibrating tone of passionate emotion, through all the strongest chords of her heart and head swept at once, and wailed forth in whole life's pent up agony—"Is she my child?"

"Here to claim her, then?"

The words were deafening, but the tones were clear and calm as ever, and continued strangely in spite of passion in which the other exclaimed,

"Woman! or fiend! are you?"

"Which ever you please—but—Abbess, excuse me!"

"MADAME!"

"That does not answer my question."

"Fiend! you are a fiend! You have made my life—not a day's rest!—but a hell of murdered hopes and burning, maddening memories! Not woman! there will come a day when our cause shall be tried before the tribunal of the Highest! Thank God there is a Judgment Day and a Lake of Fire!"

"A pious aspiration!" said Ada, solemnly.

"Not content with having herself me of passions, not, satisfied with having rendered Austria the most fertile of passion in which the other exclaimed,

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of a husband which contrasted with the smiles like a fairy wand.

"The snow had begun to be glowing  
And twinkly all the night  
But from laughing, cold and happy,  
With softness and joy and light  
Every eye, and eye, and smile,  
And the snow was so dear to us,  
And the sweetest light of the air,  
We ridged into deep with feet.

"From house to house with Gummy,  
Came (Charles) a muffled noise,  
And the snow was so dear to us,  
And it floated down the snow."

Early that morning we looked from the window that opens upon the garden, and exclaimed: "Was there ever anything more beautiful?" "I was all embarrassed as if the trees were in full leaf. The snow had descended noticeably as drawn through the quiet air, and the shadows of winter was no more longer. There was no surf, and grass and foliage shining in, but all, as by magic, green and white."

And not long since when the rain was arrested by a blast from the north and froze as it fell, what a glittering spectacle the morning can show upon! Aladdin's garden, where apples, cherries, glows like autumn fruit, and diamonds flashed and rubies glowed and flames through green branches, was not a more brilliant sight.

These are compensations for a late season. But we should probably have it somewhat as they do in France. The weather was so good, and the day of winter disappear with incredible rapidity, and Nature rises up some fine morning and puts on her Spring attire, as mortals do, all at once.

### EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.

It might be supposed that the women of this country had been already sufficiently lechered about their health; so much has been said and written by learned physiologists upon the means of preserving and regaining it, that there is little chance of their committing any error. But still there are many who feel obliged to live in such a way that their health suffers daily and occasionally more or less. They know that daily walks are good, that horseback riding is excellent, and carriage excursions desirable; that gymnastic and calisthenic exercises are strengthening—but they do not see the way clear to practice any of these things, or visit to the gymnasium, with such help as is procurable now-a-days. They are not more than they leave their house and their little children for any recreation. Her life generally must be within the small circle of her home. Whether confinement agree or disagree with her health, there her duty lies, and there she must stay. This may be fully acknowledged without any feeling of blame. The maid, too, is confined to his office or counter or shop, and she is not more than his wife. We are pre-eminently a busy people, for the reasons that in a few countries there is any quantity of work to be done, and that equal institutions place the great prizes of life within the reach of all. It is useless to advise ambitious young people beginning with nothing, to moderate their career, or to play by the way, as they do in the old world. They must succeed to the earnest. Their social elevation and that of the children, is too serious an object to be risked by relaxation. Whatever exercise or amusement can be brought within the regular routine of daily toil will be taken, and no other. Thus it practically works.

There is a simple plan to propose—so simple that the reader will smile, yet so effective as to make the difference between health and sickness. Consider what is needful for health; first, so much use of all the limbs daily as shall at least keep in mind what this wonderful physical structure was contrived for—secondly, the full and thorough infusion of the lungs regularly with pure air, and when this is not more than the time they enter into the serious business of life, pay no attention to either of these essentials. Men and women take leave of the sports of childhood, and substitute no others in their place. The limbs are never fully exercised, the lungs never fully inflated. What wonder that the symptoms of old age come early? Use beautiful machinery of the human body, or their machinery, will not run out on its own.

The best thing, no doubt, would be a kind of out-door game which would exhilarate spiritually as well as physically; but as this is not generally practicable, especially for women, the next best thing is to go through a series of exercises deliberately adapted to the purpose. These we have in our mind are practiced at the Elms Water-Cure, New York, and probably at many other establishments of the same kind. They are, in imagination, as described, as the story—writer says, and when they are not more than a movement with a palpable in regularity. Any commodity that bring into regular but vigorous exercise, alternately, all the muscles of all the limbs and of the body, will answer the purpose. The motions that strengthen the arms and enlarge the chest, put the muscles of a city lady to no such unaccustomed use that she would be apt to exclaim, "Why, I might as well spend away the girls and do as they do, as go through this fatigue. Nobody ever worked harder, at the wash-tub, or the wood-axe, or the bread-tray!" Truly it seems so at first, but with daily practice a delightful feeling of refreshment succeeds to the first fatigue. The difference between going through the motions for play, and doing useful work, is that in one case you choose the best air and the best time, and the best time, and when you are tired, while in the other, you have no choice. Besides, those who adopt voluntary employment for a living, cannot command time or opportunity for exercise of a useful kind. Play is what they want.

And do not think, because there is no company to play with, that it cannot be done at all. When that wretched feeling of weariness and debility comes over you from long sitting, go out into the open air, or, if so be there place offers, better in the open air, and give your limbs the action of what they are fit to do. It will not take much time. Ten minutes, (we speak as experience), ten minutes vigorous and varied exercise, including the walk, as deeply as you can quaff it, the row, cold air, will make you feel like a new creature, and you can go back to work, repeating the process through the day as you need refreshment. This is only for those who cannot command social amusement at the time they require it. A game of guinea or a dance would be a more pleasant diversion, as it would call into action more than the muscles of the body, and what we may say is that, those deliberate exercises, however for purpose, and in many cases we fully believe their practice would substitute a healthful for a diseased condition of body.

Teachers, therefore, when your step-at-home householders—all whom employment is necessary, try it. Put so much life and spirit, as much cheer and buoyancy into the exercises as you can. The more spirited your motions have, the more good they will do you. And remember that fresh air is essential. In taking into the lungs pure, cold air, you take in life.

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A vertical strip of a document, possibly a newspaper page, showing significant damage. The top portion is heavily torn and shredded, with a large, dark, irregular shape at the very top. The lower portion shows printed text in two columns, which is also heavily damaged and partially obscured by the shredding.











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